

ANGELINE;

OR,

SKETCHES FROM NATURE:

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

London:

PRINTED FOR
KERBY, LINDSELL, AND KING,
STAFFORD STREET, OLD BOND STREET,
AND
CORNER OF WIMPOLE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

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CHAP. XVI.

AFTER waiting with the utmost impatience for his lordship's return, till the clock struck four, and the day began to close in, (January being just commenced) Angeline's spirits again became oppressed by doubts of the sincerity of his lordship's professions of returning her to Seaford: when at last his arrival dispelled her fears.

VOL. III.

B

He

He came in his own chariot:—Angelina observed it was drove by one of the men that had brought her there: but not much alarmed at that circumstance, she, quite unsuspecting, seated herself in the carriage, and lord Erol followed her, and saying he was fearful she would get cold, he pulled up the blinds.

His lordship still enforced the ardour of his passion, urging it as an excuse for the action he could not justify;—and Angelina listened in silence, though not without very unpleasing sensations.

His lordship said he purposed to travel to a town not far off, and that they would rest there all night.

In a short time the incessant noise of innumerable carriages, and other sounds,

as new as they were surprising, made Angeline enquire in what place they then were,—when, ere she could receive a reply, the carriage broke down, the blinds shattered in pieces, and Angeline, otherwise unhurt, was carried senseless in lord Erol's arms into a house near by : where every possible attention was shewn her, and the faintness soon wore off.

Her spirits, however, were greatly alarmed by the accident, and her strength exhausted by all she had endured: the people around her were very different in manners, from the woman she had so lately been a prisoner to; their civility gained her confidence, and composed in some measure the perturbation of her mind.

Void of apprehension, she suffered

B 2

them

them to shew her to a chamber, and, full of the hope that she should soon be at Seaford, soon embrace those she loved there, and hear of, if not from Cecil, she recommended herself to the care of Providence, and slept soundly all night.

In the morning she arose in the expectation of immediately proceeding on their journey, but Lord Erol declared himself ill, and urged that circumstance as an excuse for delaying her departure.

She reminded him of the impropriety of her remaining longer with him, and as she could not alleviate his illness, except by wishing him better, she besought him to procure her means to hasten to Seaford, convinced as he must

must be, of the necessity of the measure.—

'You did not purpose to conduct me all the way to Seaford yourself, surely, my lord, if this accident had never happened: ' she said—' you could not, without the discovery of the truth.'

'Why so?' he exclaimed—'could we not say I rescued you from some unknown hands who had you in their power?'—

'Why, that indeed'—returned Angelina, rather contemptuously,—'is turning it to a better account than occurred to me.'—

'We cannot however go on directly: '—said his lordship—feeling

the force of her manner.—She looked steadily at him—and she was convinced the illness he complained of was all a pretence.—Her fears grew more strong than they had ever been at all:—and clasping her hands together, she cried, —‘you don’t mean to let me go at all, and why have you brought me to this place? what place, what city is it? where am I?—Was it the sight of Cecil’s servant that inspired you with this new stratagem? Oh! it was!—I am now assured it was:—but while confined here, or any where by you, I will never taste food more!’

He began again to argue, to impertune, to declare it impossible he could live without her, and could not give her up in the certainty of her marrying Cecil!

she

she left him, and hastened to the apartment in which she had slept, adhering to the resolution she had declared, and refusing every thing brought to her.

Lord Erol came to the door of the room, and stood there, beseeching her to accept some nourishment, and not break his heart. She heard him with disdain, but made him no answer—sleep again forsook her.

Two days passed, and all she admitted within her lips was a cup of cold water, and a few drops of spirits of hartshorn in it. Her appetite was quite gone the third day, and she was unable to walk across the chamber.

His lordship was in a state of distraction

tion. He repented his proceedings:—dreaded the consequences; yet equally dreaded to give up Angeline to his rival. The third night arrived:—long irresolute how to act, and every moment expecting it would be the last of Angeline's life, after a long debate with himself, he again, with some difficulty, obtained permission to see her.

She was sitting in an arm chair, and looked like a beautiful ghost. 'Lovely, cruel angel!—he cried,—'live, try to live!—and, by every sacred name, you shall depart for Seaford by to-morrow's dawn!'

'I cannot believe you;—she calmly replied,—'nor will I break my resolution while here:—When I am sure
you

you are sincere, I will think of living.'
You are guilty of a crime!' he re-
turned.—

'I know it,'—she said,—'but who
is the cause of my doing so? Is it not
you, my lord, who compel me to it?—
Shall I encourage you in your greater
crime, your baseness and cruelty?—You
have heard my determination.'

He left her, and was almost really
resolved to abandon his unsuccessful
pursuit.—He sat up, revolving the mat-
ter, till midnight:—he was excessively
weary, and then fell fast asleep.

About two o'clock the cry of fire!
fire! echoed around him!—the room
was full of smoke, the door burst open,

TO

ANGELINE; OR,

and several people ran in, begging him to save his life! he sprang from the bed,

Angeline's danger filled his mind.

•The lady!—the lady!—he exclaimed, and ran up the second flight of stairs, to reach the room she was in. But when he had ascended a few steps, the danger made him retreat:—the landing place was all in a flame:—the fire had begun in a lumber closet that was there, and excluded all possibility of getting that way to any of the rooms it led to:—shrieks of distress echoed from every side.

Engines, firemen, and ladders were already there, and lord Erol ran down into the street, in the hope of saving Angeline through the window.

There

SKETCHES FROM NATURE. II

There a scene of horror inexpressible was presented to him! Several other houses were on fire! and the distracting fears of husbands, fathers, brothers and children, for those most dear to them, echoed from every quarter!—His lordship got a fireman, and pointed out the window of the room in which Angelina was, offering him any sum if he could save her.

‘It is too late,’—replied the man,—‘the floor is sunk!’—His lordship, exclaiming,—‘then she is indeed lost!’—He rushed through the croud, forgetful even of what had ever, till that moment, actuated all his life, self-preservation!—and some brick work falling, broke one of his arms in two places, and otherwise greatly hurt him.

He

He was raised by those that were near and saw him fall, and carried to the first house where they could gain him admission. His appearance procured him respect: he was treated with attention, and opening the door of a small parlour, the people of the house desired those that supported his lordship, to lay him on a sofa that was there, till a surgeon could be sent for.

‘There is nobody but a poor dying lady, brought from the fire too,’—said the woman that received them,—‘and a gentleman that saved her, at the peril of his own life, they say.’

Lord Erol raised his eyes, as they carried him into the room, and beheld the form of Angeline apparently lifeless,

in

in the arms of an officer, who he supposed was her preserver.

‘Dear, — dear Angeline!’ — the stranger repeated; lord Erol regarded him with surprise. The excruciating pain of his broken arm, then called off his attention; — but again he surveyed the officer, as the agony abated for a moment. He had never seen the officer before, and thought it extraordinary, that he should know Angeline.

A servant entered with some drops — but no signs of life appeared. — ‘I have murdered her!’ — thought lord Erol — and I deserve to suffer. — ‘She is not dead!’ — the officer exclaimed, — ‘she breathes — she will soon come to!’

The

The surgeon that was summoned to lord Erol entered. He looked at Angeline, and opened a vein. She recovered, but not sufficiently to know her preserver. His lordship's arm was to be examined, and the mistress of the house, who seemed very humane, advised that Angeline might be removed into another room.

Lord Erol's arm was a compound fracture, and of the most dangerous description; but the surgeon was skilful, and it was as well set as the nature of the case would admit.

His lordship then enquired about Angeline, but she had been removed under the care of her deliverer, and he traced them to the family where Philip had

had been placed. Wishing, yet fearing to see her, lord Erol remained some days irresolute:—

‘She will not see me,’—he said,—
‘if I send to request it.’—Guilt is the parent of fear.

His lordship was removed to his town house, and there remained in secret; ill, and racked in mind by the most uneasy apprehensions. The idea of approaching death, strongly possessed his mind, and he was anxious to know Angeline’s fate, and obtain her forgiveness.

He knew that Mr. Belmore, the gentleman under whom Philip had been placed, could give him every information

he

he sighed for, and in him he resolved to confide. He sent for that gentleman by a trusty servant, and he immediately came to him.

The will of the Lord is to be done.

I have to request that you will be

present at the meeting of the

association on the first of the

month. The meeting was removed to his

own house, and there remained in secret

and talked in regard to the most an-

cient apprehensions. The idea of ap-

proaching death, though he possessed his

mind, and he was anxious to know the

will of the Lord, and to obtain his

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obtain his will, and to obtain his will,

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his will, and to obtain his will, and to

of having been in the habit of visiting the
Belmonts was at this time in the habit of
visiting the Belmonts. The fact of his having
over the Belmonts, and the fact of his having
been not known to the Belmonts, and the fact of his
being in the habit of visiting the Belmonts.

I had been enquired who had pre-
sented it, and was informed it was
Johns River; the report of whose
death was ill-founded; and who, con-
scious of that circumstance, and willing
to furnish the Belmonts with the

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. Belmont's talents were great: but
the goodness of his heart was greater.
He was surprised at the state in which
he found his lordship;—they had been
involved in conjecture about the cause
of his mysterious disappearing from among
them—but knew not the reality. An-

geline

geline was at his house ill, and given over by the physicians: but his lordship was not known to be the author of her sufferings.

Lord Erol enquired who her preserver was, and was informed it was Julius Etherville; the report of whose death was ill-founded; and, who, conscious of that circumstance, and willing to surprise his friends, was just arrived in England!

Hearing where Philip had been placed, he had been at Mr. Belmore's house, on the evening preceding the fire: — had heard of the mysterious disappearing of Angeline from the Abbey, had obtained an address to Cecil's lodgings, and was returning to his own, after supping with

with his friend, when, passing the house where Angeline and lord Erol were, the first alarm of fire was given.

His lordship had not then awoke, but Angeline, from whom rest was estranged, tried the door of her chamber, and found it locked on the other side.

The fears of a death the most dreadful, arose before her!—and though scarcely equal to the exertion, she opened the window shutters with great difficulty, and threw up the sash. The window looked into a small courtyard behind the house, and she believing her melancholy fate to be inevitable, she resigned her soul to Him that gave it!—and sat down upon the bedside; when recollecting there was a closet adjoining

joining the room she was in, she unbolted it; and found that it looked into the street.

Many people were gathered, and she called as loud as she could, imploring help. Hearing a female voice, Julius, all philanthropy, hastened to procure a ladder; and ascending to the window, he took into his arms the object that had so pathetically called for aid;—but what was his astonishment, what the different emotions that agitated his mind, when he found that being was Angeline Warbert!—

Her death-like appearance pierced him to the soul, she was to him the dearest of earthly considerations; and the tender interest his heart took in her fate, exceeded

exceeded any thing beside that he ever had experienced.

Mr. Belmore added to this account, a piece of intelligence more chearful. Philip's elopement was with a beautiful heiress, whom he rescued from the arms of a man she detested; and he was that day returned to London with his lovely prize; — having visited Seaford, and Danes - wood, in their route: — and knew the misfortunes that had happened to both.

The death of Mr. Etherville, and of his little brothers, filled him with concern; but his sorrow knew no bounds when he heard of the loss of the sister so beloved! He arrived in London inconsolable, — and his grief was rather augmented

mented than assuaged, by finding Angeline apparently near death.

The lady that Philip had taken off, was the only child of a deceased nobleman, and her fortune was immense. To this information, Mr. Belmore added, that although lady Mary's friends seemed then inclined to be rather hostile, he doubted not, as Philip's birth and merits were so unexceptionable, and his own influence in lady Mary's family, would, he believed, have some weight, of being able to bring about a reconciliation.

Philip's passion for lady Mary, it appeared, was what had hurried him into expences beyond the limits of his fortune; it was in pursuit of her he disregarded the admonitions of Mr. Belmore,

more, and abused the friendship of Cecil, to whom he was deeply in debt for different sums advanced to defray the rapid demands of his extravagance, while pursuing the fair object of his heart through all the scenes of fashionable life.

When Philip quitted the Lodge, he had believed himself attached to Eleanor Lyttleton; but lady Mary Danvers, convinced him of his mistake; and the success of his love pleaded an apology for what else had been termed madness!

Lord Erol found by Mr. Belmore's intelligence, that Angeline had been incapable of relating any particulars, injurious to his peace or character: and he debated in his mind, whether he should impeach himself, and implore Mr. Belmore's

Belmore's friendly aid, or leave every thing to the event of chance.

The natural turn of his mind, however, prevailed over the language of reason and prudence:—he invented a specious falshood, to account for his being absent from their society at a time so suspicious, and ascribed his accident at the fire, to his having, like Julius, just arrived in town, and had been drawn to the same spot by chance, and humanity.

Mr. Belmore heard him in silence, but he was not easily to be deceived;—he could generally discern the language of truth, and had often detected that of falshood.—His manner alarmed his lordship, and his expressions convinced him that

that the deception he had made use of was too futile, to cheat the penetration of Mr. Belmore :—and feeling the force of this truth, he wisely judged it best, at last to endeavour, by confidence, to secure as a friend, one, who as an enemy might prove rather formidable.

The excellence of Mr. Belmore's moral character, and the rectitude of his life and conduct, as well as his professional merit, and great understanding, placed him high in the estimation of the first people in the land : and few men's opinions had more general weight.

With an air of penitence, lord Erol therefore began the acknowledgment of his late error, which he concluded in few words ; ascribing to all-mighty love

the sorrow, distress, and danger, of which he was the author.

‘Love, my lord,’ replied Mr. Belmore,—‘is a name greatly abused: and I cannot think it has much to do in the present case. We will call it rather folly, or madness, or any thing but affection. Are we to distract the heart, and endanger the life of a fellow-being, and then say, it is because that being is dear to us? Allow me to say, you deceive yourself, my lord.—I am a plain man, and what you term love, is pride, passion, and cruelty.—’

I married for attachment, and to this hour have I invariably regarded the wife of my choice, the mother of my children.—Could I grieve her soul,
could

could I embitter her peace? her happiness and welfare is dearer than my own. Trust me, then, this love you talk of, will never break your heart.

If then I may advise, remain here, unknown, till you are recovered, then go abroad for a time:—you will soon forget Angeline Warbert; and I will endeavour to prevent any bad consequences, from your rash and unjustifiable proceedings, with respect to her.'—

Lord Erol was awed, rather than convinced he was wrong, or sorry for his error: he, however, promised Mr. Belmore he should pursue the path he had pointed out; though in his heart he repented that he had put himself in his power.

Mr. Belmore observed his lordship inclined to be feverish, and beseeching him for his health's sake, to keep himself composed, he took his leave, promising to visit him often during his confinement, and to remember his interests, as far as he was enabled.

Mr. Belmore found Angeline better than he had left her, and the earl of Linmore was just arrived there from Seaford Abbey. He expressed great joy on hearing Angeline was found, but felt real concern when he understood the new danger her life was in: he was her warm admirer, and had neglected no effort to discover the nature of that misfortune that had deprived the inhabitants of Seaford of her society.

He enquired if they knew the author
of

of the event that had involved them all in sadness and surprise, and being answered in the negative, he asked for lord Erol. Mr. Belmore's cautious and prudent replies prevented the earl's suspecting the truth, and the physician that attended Angeline entered with Mrs. Belmore and her daughter.

Mrs. Belmore was one of those of whom human nature might indeed be proud. Her person was all grace and loveliness, and her soul all virtue. She had been a perfect beauty, and was still a very charming woman. Fair as ever poets feigned, the expression of her countenance instantly conveyed an idea of the character of her mind, and her figure was as fine as ever heaven formed. Though near forty years of age, she scarcely appeared

peared thirty;—she possessed a most happy flow of spirits, and the most captivating sweetness of temper.

Benevolence was pictured in her aspect, and her accents cheered the drooping spirit, and spoke peace to the heart ready to break; her very look, her manner, and the tones of her voice were full of consolation, and expressive of the goodness of her mind.

The earl of Linmore beheld her with admiration: he had often heard her numbered among the first and finest women of the age: but her daughter, the image of what her early youth had been, called off his attention.

Lord Linmore could not easily withdraw

draw his eyes from the sweet and intelligent countenance of Miss Belmore; he gazed at her, enraptured, and these words of the poet occurred to his mind, as particularly applicable to her.

" 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

" Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

Miss Belmore was then but fifteen years of age, but tall beyond the generality of her sex. Her form was elegant and graceful, her complexion fine, and her features pleasing and expressive. There was a particular softness united with great sense and spirit, depicted in her blue eyes, and her smiles were the most bewitching that can be imagined.

There was an air of dignity about
her

her that commanded respect, while the affability of her manners won the heart: and lord Linmore, in beholding her, forgot Angeline for some moments. At length he enquired of Mrs. Belmore how her fair guest was?—she informed him, she hoped Miss Warbert was rather better, though inexpressibly weak and low; and the physician added, he had hopes, from her youth and naturally fine constitution; but that she appeared to have suffered greatly both in body and in mind; and to have been very nearly starved to death!

His Lordship enquired if no discovery had been made, nor any conjecture formed of the villain that was the cause of her sufferings, and he supposed her death; as well as the distress occasioned

to her friends? Mrs. Belmore replied, she believed not;—for although she was acquainted with the circumstances of lord Erol's conduct: from every just consideration, she was restrained from the mention of it.

Cecil entered, with his friend Etherville, and the enquiries respecting Angeline were repeated; their countenances became less gloomy, as they listened to the more favourable account of Angeline's situation than they had heard on their preceding visit; but Cecil looked ill; the repeated colds he had caught, in rescuing Angeline from danger, seemed settled on his lungs; he had a deep hollow cough, and other alarming symptoms.

Mr. Lyttleton, whose heart was

ever warmly interested about Angeline, had written to the Abbey that morning, giving an account of every particular of her being restored to them, and in what a state; that gentleman was anxious to be again with his family, but could not think of returning, while Angeline was so situated; and Philip with his bride, wore a face of sadness; but not one heart among them was more sincerely and tenderly interested about Angeline's fate, than that of Julius Etherville. Near a month elapsed. Mr. Belmore often visited lord Erol, who, as soon his arm was out of danger, was removed to a small hunting lodge he had, not twenty miles from the neighbourhood of Danes-wood: and Angeline was very slowly recovering.

what a state that gentleman was in! and in
perhaps being referred to them, and in
giving an account of every particular
had watched the Abbey that morning,
even warmly interested about Angelina.

CHAP. XVIII.

MRS. and Miss Belmore, though the town was then full, and their acquaintance and engagements were extremely numerous, devoted to Angelina a considerable portion of each day, and almost every evening. She found them exactly the characters her heart wished

wished to select as friends; the excellence of Mrs. Belmore's understanding could only be exceeded by her uncommon virtues; her heart glowed with every social duty, and her life displayed the active exercise of them. She was the best of wives, an affectionate mother, a valuable friend, and the blessing of the poor, and the afflicted, followed her steps. She was in truth,——

“The friend of human kind.”

Angeline beheld and listened to her with admiration, and witnessed her exemplary conduct, and elegant and endearing manners, with respect and love.

Miss Belmore resembled her mother in mind and manners, as much as
in

in form and face: she was sensible, sweet tempered, sincere, and benevolent: her mind was highly improved by education, and more enlightened by the precepts and examples of her parents: she was the best companion of her mother, and an ornament to the society in which she was placed.

With them Angeline began to regain her health and spirits: conversing with them, she forgot both sorrow and suffering; for she was one of those beings whose highest gratification consisted in the society of congenial minds.

As soon as she was able to sit up, Miss Belmore would read beside her, and at other times, she would play some plaintive air on her harpsichord, and

and accompany it with her most heavenly voice; her soul was all genius and harmony: she played and sung admirably: and music was the only pleasure in which Mrs. Belmore could be said to indulge herself: she loved it extremely, possessed a fine taste, and a sweet and powerful voice. Their parties at home, consisted of a chosen set of people of sense and genius, and their time was divided between conversation and music.

Angeline, when yet weak and low, would sometimes pass an hour in the drawing room, and was ever delighted with the circle there. If such, she would often think, are the parties in fashionable life,—why should they be so frequently charged with folly and licentiousness?

ousness? but in fact there were but few parties like that at Mr. Belmore's.

There, science was cherished, and the cause of moral good promoted: intrigues of all kind fled that abode; and the voice of noisy dissipation was unheard. Rational pleasure presided, but no tumultuous card tables disgraced the scene, nor was beauty and elegance defaced by the passions excited by the fears or certainty of loss, or the unbecoming love or hopes of gain.

Doctor Etherville, who, previous to his being presented to the rectory he then resided on, had a living in London; and, with his lady, a very charming and amiable woman, had been among the most intimate friends of Mr. and Mrs. Belmore,

and

and lady Mary Danvers, the lovely and valuable prize of Angeline's fortunate brother, (who soon, by the good offices of Mr. Belmore, was reconciled to all her family) had been long the favorite youthful companion of Miss Belmore.

Philip no longer thought of prosecuting the study of the law, and Mr. Belmore had hired an elegant house for him in one of the new squares:—but he did not purpose to mingle with the gay world till the following year, and only waited for the recovery of Angeline, to enable him and his bride to leave the town.

Happy in themselves, they wished for no other society; and were not even visible at the parties at Mr. Belmore's:—where they first had met, and loved.

Lady

Lady Mary was handsome, but very differently so from Miss Belmore or Angeline; she was a more regular beauty, with very little expression of any marked character calculated to attach; which was the charm that rendered the two latter captivating.

Lady Mary was a fine tall figure, rather inclining to the *embonpoint*:—and there was a haughty consciousness of beauty and consequence in her air and manner, rather repelling. Her heart was more excellent, than her deportment was pleasing:—she was, in fact, possessed of great sensibility, and good-humour, but had not much the appearance of either; she greatly loved Angeline, and passed a portion of every day with her; and Angeline soon became attached to lady Mary.

One

One day as they were conversing together in Angeline's apartment, just after she was pronounced out of danger, lady Mary said—'So, my dear sister, your lover, Mr. Blandon, I find, was stolen from you.'—Angeline, smiling, replied, 'Yes, by one better entitled and more deserving an honor, I suppose you know, I never sighed for.'

'Poor Constantia!' cried lady Mary, —'I am rather vexed at her marrying such a wretch, after all he made her suffer, what comfort can she expect? The fear of death, I suppose, made him tremble, but I dare say he will soon repent being just, and return to his old ways; for if he had the least heart he could never have done as he did.'

'I was but a little girl when Marga-
retta

retta Belmore used to tell me of a poor young creature, that had a cruel husband, and with a beautiful infant at her breast, was left to perish!

This was the account of Constantia's situation, which Mrs. Belmore had delicately, and judiciously, at that time, given to her daughter; and some of our pocket money, I believe, was appropriated to relieve her wants; her woes no money could alleviate.

Unfortunate being!—how often have I caressed her pretty boy:—how often wept over Margaretta's account of what she had endured? but little were either of us then capable of forming the least idea of the extent of her sufferings. Chance made her acquainted with Mrs. Belmore's

Belmore's character. She had heard that she was all benevolence, gentleness and humility; and she found her really so.

Having long endured every want:—lost to every friend; alone in the universe; and deprived of every comfort: helpless, and unknown in this town, the prey of wretches among whom she resided, in a moment of unutterable grief and distraction, she addressed a letter to Mrs. Belmore. The letter was received, and Mrs. Belmore was sensibly affected by it. She was come from the country-house, and was obliged to return there the same evening, but she wrote an answer to Constantia's letter, and dispatched it by the penny-post. —

Racked by painful expectations, and
ready

ready to sink into the grave for want of food; it seems Constantia had been out, giving her infant the air, and on her return to her lodging, the mistress of the house gave her Mrs. Belmore's letter.— She snatched it eagerly, and found it to contain unlooked for comfort.

Constantia had found, that to be poor was to be despised; and to be wretched was to appear worthless. But Mrs. Belmore's letter breathed another language:—she expressed her concern that she had not been at the town-house, when Constantia left the letter: and that being obliged to hasten back to the country, some days must be lost ere any thing could be done for Constantia's relief;—but she named the day when they should again be in town, and desired

fired to see Constantia, inclined to place every necessary confidence, and sure of finding assistance.

Constantia's afflicted heart blessed her, and ere she beheld Mrs. Belmore, she had formed a just idea of the character of her mind. But what confidence can I place, thought she, my family think I am married, and as my husband detests Mr. Belmore; what then will they do if they know the fatal truth!

She had written to Mrs. Belmore as a wife, she was afraid to do otherwise: she was not sure there was a being on earth, who knowing her to be the victim of deceit, would make an allowance for the excess of an affection, that, (judging the object of her

her

her attachment by herself) knew not how to dissemble nor suspect.

Shall I then, said she, expose myself and him, to the rage of an injured and incensed family? Shall I return to them in a degraded light! shall I give up my husband to their revenge, my child to their mercy, and be myself the sacrifice of their illiberal opinions? Alas! I know them too well:—I know how little mercy will await me:—and I know that my infant will be torn from me, judged unworthy to reside with them: branded with appellations I cannot bear to think on: and delivered up to chance or charity!

That this false man was her husband, in the sight of heaven, she felt
a full

a full conviction, and she considered and argued about him accordingly.— Shall I follow the example of his selfish cruelty,—she said, mentally,—shall I expose his baseness to the whole world,—and destroy his character?—Full of these sentiments, she wrote another letter to Mrs. Belmore,—expressing the language of her heart, which few would have understood.

Belmore all her latter had poured
a soft consolation, and the
and more the comfort, her a mini-
one more about her
thing angel of the Almighty's goodness
to her and her child!

~~Belmore all her latter had poured
a soft consolation, and the
and more the comfort, her a mini-
one more about her
thing angel of the Almighty's goodness
to her and her child!~~

Belmore all her latter had poured
a soft consolation, and the
and more the comfort, her a mini-
one more about her
thing angel of the Almighty's goodness
to her and her child!

CHAP. XIX.

DELICATE of wounding the mind
already pierced so deeply, Mrs. Belmore,
with angelic condescension, visited the
drooping sad Constantia:—and found
her situation truly pitiable. Her visit,
and the manner of it, deeply affected
the unhappy mourner: she found Mrs.

Belmore all her letter had pourtrayed, and more: she considered her a ministering angel of the Almighty's goodness to her and her child!

Mrs. Belmore, at her first visit, relieved Constantia's necessities, and admired her child. She appointed Constantia to call at her house on a future day, and promised to serve her further. Constantia observed her request, and Mrs. Belmore received her with all the consideration the unfortunate claim from us. Constantia was agitated on more accounts than one.

She had deceived Mrs. Belmore, she had called herself a married woman: and the goodness she had experienced from that amiable lady, made her consider

sider that circumstance as a crime. Mrs. Belmore ordered her some refreshment, and then began to converse with her. It was a mysterious circumstance—she gently said—that any man should dare to leave his wife to perish!

Constantia felt the full force of the application of these words—and her conscience smote her. Agitated and trembling, she arose, shut the chamber door, not knowing what she did, and again resumed her seat.

Mrs. Belmore was silent—and Constantia said,—‘Though I lose your good opinion, though I forfeit your friendship, and change your pity into contempt, your goodness compels me to inform you, madam, that I am an un-

fortunate being, no otherwise entitled to the name of wife, than by truly feeling the affection, and faithfully practising the duties of one;—I have no lawful title to the appellation I assumed, and must expect to sink in your eyes.’

Constance sat covered with confusion, and ready to sink with fear;—and Mrs. Belmore replied:—

‘No, you do not sink in my estimation; you have done right in being ingenuous, and you have by this step secured my friendship: I suspected it to be so; and I know how to compassionate the weakness of human-nature, and to make an allowance for the error of affection.’—Un-
utterably

utterably affected, Constantia's soul blest her.

Mrs. Belmore added to the pecuniary assistance she had before given: telling Constantia the greatest part of what she then bestowed, was from a gentleman, — 'a man of great sense and equal goodness,' — said Mrs. Belmore, — 'who will, I hope, be of great use to you.'

That gentleman was doctor Ether-ville, who, with his lady, were warm and steady friends to Constantia, while the situation of herself and infant continued to want relief; which was the case, until the settlement of her annuity; and her long declining state of health, determined her to bid adieu to London, — and retire to the cottage

where it seems she was found by Mr. Mansel.

Though I had long compassionated the sorrows of Mrs. Blandon, I never knew the real particulars of her unhappy story, till about the time of my first seeing your brother: and the circumstances were strong in my memory when he, one day, happened to mention Mr. Blandon, among those he had left at Castle Erol.

From me then, it was, that Mr. Warbert received the intelligence of Mr. Blandon's perfidy, and by that means was he induced to write to your brother Walter, in the hope of preventing your being united with that bad man.

But

But the hand of Providence had been timely watchful of you, and snatched you from the evil we dreaded, ere we could give you warning.

Constantia was a short time resident in Mr. Belmore's family, but the impossibility of existing apart from her child, united with the melancholy state of her health and spirits, obliged her to give it up, and again return to the obscurity that was her fate in the midst of this metropolis, till she was enabled to embrace solitude in a more pleasing form.

Angeline had listened attentively to lady Mary, and Mrs. Belmore rose in her estimation :—there was no alloy of ostentation in her philanthropy : for she

carefully avoided making the least display of her actions; which well might stand the test of enquiry.

CHAPTER.

Angeline had listened attentively to the relation of his story, and was deeply affected by the account of the death of her father. She had been so long in the habit of seeing him, and he had been so long her father, that she could not but be deeply affected by the news of his death. She had been so long in the habit of seeing him, and he had been so long her father, that she could not but be deeply affected by the news of his death. She had been so long in the habit of seeing him, and he had been so long her father, that she could not but be deeply affected by the news of his death.

~~to remain alone; the heart often~~

her brother Walter, and from Eleanor

Lyttleton: Francis remained very ill

and the inhabitants of the Abbey

which to behold her again restored to

life, and

CHAP. XX.

ANGELINE's recovery, though very
 slow, was believed to be certain, and her
 union with Cecil appeared as sure; she
 listened to the repetition of his vows, and
 every obstacle to their happiness seemed
 removed; except the uneasiness occa-
 sioned in Angeline's mind, by Cecil's

D 5 declining

declining health; which was apparent, under all his efforts to conceal it from her observation.

Angeline was impatient to return to Seaford Abbey; she heard often from her brother Walter, and from Eleanore Lyttleton: Francis remained very ill, and the inhabitants of the Abbey all wished to behold her again restored to life, and in the prospect of happiness.

Cecil, Julius Etherville, and her brother had all importuned Angeline, to know who it was that had been the means of her elopement from the Abbey; she had informed them of every circumstance relative to that event, except naming the author of them, and that

that she persisted in refusing to do : well convinced that mischief, danger, and perhaps death, would be the consequence, should she be so imprudent as to deviate from the advice given her by Mr. and Mrs. Belmore on that subject.

To them only, she therefore informed her brother, she should confide the circumstance they wished to know ; and which, her regard for his safety, and that of their friends Cecil and Etherville, obliged her to conceal from them ; resting it a secret in the bosoms of Mr. and Mrs. Belmore, with whom she knew it would remain secure ; and who were convinced of the propriety of the promise she had made, never to discover what the young men were, unnecessarily, so anxious to develop.

Angeline's

Angeline's heart had long been Cecil's, and she promised him her hand, but bade him not hope that she could marry so soon as he entreated. This declaration was far from pleasing to Cecil, yet her assurance that she would be his, forbade his repining.

But over the features of the gallant and deserving Etherville, was spread a gloom, that seemed to increase in proportion with the happiness around him.

Often would he fix his eyes mournfully upon Angeline, and from the time that he understood the engagement that subsisted between her and Cecil, joy seemed to have forsaken him, and coolness to have supplanted the friendship that

that so long had prevailed between him and that gentleman.

There was not one in the family of Mr. Belmore, but observed this alteration in the manners of the estimable Etherville: and they all united in their hearts, in ascribing it to a secret and unsuccessful attachment to Angeline; and thought it not surprising that those who were, whether both avowedly or not, yet, in fact, candidates for the favour of the same loved object, should cease to be any longer cordial friends.

This opinion too, Angeline, though very unconscious of the power of her charms, and but little prone to vanity, could not refuse to adopt; and it occasioned

sioned sensations really distressing to arise in her mind.

Long had she regarded Julius in the light of a brother: and felt an affection for him little inferior to what she could have done, had he really stood in that relation to her; and therefore, her heart was grieved in the apprehension, that she had not only, perhaps, destroyed the happiness of his future days, by inspiring him with a hopeless passion for her; but had broke the bonds of amity between him and the man her heart had selected in preference to all others; and who she believed was one of the few, worthy of the distinction of such a mind, as she knew the generous Etherville to possess.

Greatly

Greatly afflicted by the deeper gloom that prevailed between these once sincere and warm friends, Angeline wished for the arrival of the time purposed for their departure from town; although it was to deprive her of the society of Cecil for a season; as he had informed her that the arrangement of some business would necessarily detain him in London, perhaps, till the Summer was far advanced: when he hoped to revisit the Lodge,—where he supposed she would be returned by that time,—and claim her as his own, for ever.

The chastened rapture of virtuous love filled Angeline's heart, and the blush of native modesty suffused her cheek: and, though the idea of their approaching separation, gave her pain, it was considerably

considerably softened by the hope that the mind of Julius, being no longer rendered uneasy, by his perpetually witnessing the accepted love of Cecil, and comparing it with his own less fortunate lot, reason would resume her seat, from which it was supposed jealousy had removed her, and harmony again prevail between those, who once were said, to have had but one soul.

Angeline knew, that she owed her life to Mr. Etherville, and her regret for the sadness that gained rapidly upon him, increased in proportion with her sense of the many high obligations she owed him, and of his uncommon worth.

Julius was to accompany her return to Seaford, and the time drew near.

Angeline

Angeline, amidst all the transport arising in Cecil's mind, from her acknowledged preference of him, saw, or fancied she saw, he was not sincerely happy.

Dejection sometimes prevailed over all his efforts to appear chearful, his health was still declining, and he was much altered since she first beheld him at the Lodge? though even then, she remembered, he often appeared disquiet in mind. These observations, greatly saddened the otherwise delightful prospect before her: and rendered her often, thoughtful and melancholy.

The attentions of Mrs. Belmore and her charming daughter, considerably alleviated Angeline's anxiety and uneasiness about Cecil and Julius: yet still there were

were moments, when observing their behaviour toward each other, her concern increased to exquisite sorrow; and forebodings of some unhappy consequence dwelt upon her mind.

Often had she observed Julius, agitated by sensations he could ill repress, and seeming as if something lay upon his mind that he wished yet feared to disclose to her; and it confirmed her belief, and that of others who witnessed his emotions, that it was the effects of the unhappy passion with she had inspired him.

From the mysterious and unhappy estrangement between two so esteemed by her:—Angeline's attention was called off, by a proposal of marriage from
the

the earl of Linmore to the beautiful Margaretta.

Hopeless of Angeline, for whom he sighed in secret, the Earl's roving eye fixed upon Miss Belmore, as ranking next to her in attraction: and feeling the folly of licentiousness, he determined to secure a partner that would grace his rank, and do honor to his taste:—and plead an apology for his becoming at last a marrying man.

But the heart of Miss Belmore rejected an alliance with the earl;—and neither his rank nor fortune had much weight with her parents;—the happiness of their child was their chief object, and she declared it impossible that she
 ever

ever could be happy with the earl of Linmore.

Greatly piqued at a refusal, not in the least expected, the earl left town, and another noble lover presented himself to Miss Belmore. This was lord Erol's brother, the second son of the earl of Glentyre.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

LORD Charles Harwood, greatly resembled his brother, lord Erol, in person ; but was said to possess dispositions much more amiable.—He had just attained his twenty-first year, and was master of an handsome independent fortune.

From

From the first time he beheld Miss Belmore, his heart had been her captive, and his acquaintance with her understanding, her heart, and accomplishments, rendered more deep and permanent the impression her personal charms had made; and he looked up to her for the happiness of his life.

Margaretta, young as she was, beheld lord Charles with secret preference;—her mind had attained maturity, and her sensibility and judgment were uncommon:—when, therefore, her father informed her of the proposal of lord Charles, and of the earl of Glentyre's acceding to his selection of her:—she heard him with emotions that left no need of words to explain her sentiments:—a matrimonial engagement was the result;

but

but Mr. and Mrs. Belmore both uniting with their daughter in opinion, that she was too young to marry, lord Charles was obliged to check the ardor of his passion, and wait for time to secure him the blessing that hope encouraged him to aspire to.

Every thing was ready for the departure of Angeline, of her brother, lady Mary, and Julius Etherville; and Mrs. and Miss Belmore had almost consented to be of their party; though the month of April was but just commenced, and their leaving town so early would be attended with inconvenience, but the letters of Mrs. Blandon, determined Mrs. Belmore: she found that unfortunate lady was still doomed to experience sadness and disappointment: she feared she had

had too much cause for both, and she resolved to try, if the presence of herself and daughter at Blandon castle, would give a more chearful turn to the aspect of her affairs, and correct, or at least check for a time, the improprieties that she suspected was the source of Constantia's uneasiness; which, though not expressed, was visible in the style of her letters.

Mrs. Belmore was one morning conversing with Angeline on this subject, when a servant entered, and informed the latter, that Mr. Warbert was in the drawing-room, and waited to see her.

Angeline went down stairs, and found her brother pale, and excessively agitated

agitated. Alarmed, she enquired the cause, and he said, 'I meant to have seen Mrs. Belmore first, but I forgot myself—and what I have to say will distract you.'

Her terror increased, and she besought him to relieve her suspense—'Nothing,' said she,—'can exceed my fears.'—'Is Cecil dead?' she added,—'or what is the matter?' Cecil is not dead, was the reply.—'But he is dying!'—she exclaimed.—

'Neither:—'said her brother,—'be more composed:—Cecil is not in danger;—but Etherville and him'.—'What of them?'—she enquired, guessing a part of the truth;—and without waiting for her brother's answer,—

‘surely, surely,’ she cried,—‘they have not fought each other’s life!’—

Her brother’s silence confirmed this opinion. —‘And he has murdered Julius then!’ she exclaimed,—‘our friend, our brother!—and am I the cause?’

‘Be calmer—be calmer, dear girl:’—entreated Mr. Warbert—‘my distress on this occasion has made me imprudent in thus breaking to you the unhappy business I came about:—but Julius is not, I hope, in danger, nor is Cecil hurt; they have indeed quarrelled, and have fought,’—she clasped her hands in agony of soul.

‘A ball was lodged in the side of Etherville,’—he proceeded,—‘but it is
extracted:

extracted:—I have left Cecil with him, in a state of the greatest distraction: and hurried hither, lest the account of this misfortune in the public prints, should suddenly meet your eye, and alarm you more than I have done; for they met to decide their difference last evening.'

'And what did they differ about?' enquired Angeline, scarcely able to speak. 'About an unfortunate affair,'—returned Mr. Warbert,—'the cause of all the gloom we have observed in Etherville, and of all his coldness toward Cecil; no jealousy arising from a disallowed and hopeless attachment to you, as we all imagined;—but the anxious and generous solicitude of a brother for your welfare.'—

‘What can all this mean, or where will it end!’—cried Angeline,—‘how could Cecil merit such resentment? Is not my welfare dear to him;—is it not dearer than his own?’—Mr. Warbert was silent.

Lady Mary entered,—and Mr. Warbert said,—‘Do you, my love, explain this unhappy business;’—and Angeline stretching out her hands to detain him, he left the room.

‘What is all this, dear lady Mary? tell me, tell me, I conjure you, ere cruel conjectures break my heart!’—cried Angeline, clasping lady Mary’s hands between her own.

‘It is a task I know not how to execute,’

cute,'—said lady Mary,—‘yet it is necessary that you know the truth.—Shield your heart with fortitude my loved sister:—remember there is no perfection in this life, and men, especially handsome men, are in the way of temptation, and very liable to err.

‘Why, if I was to hear your brother had been what I think he never was, I should not be very much surprised:—though, to be sure, we must feel; and so will you, when you know that Mr. Cecil has acted very unjustifiably.’

‘In what?’ Angeline could just articulate.

‘Why, it appears’—resumed lady Mary,—‘that some years ago, when Mr.

Cecil was in very unfortunate circumstances through youthful extravagance, he entered into an engagement with a widow lady of some fortune, on whose credulity he subsisted for many years; alledging his unhappy circumstances, as a generous reason for not then involving her in his misfortunes, but promising whenever his affairs took a better turn, to marry her; and gave her, in some moment of necessity, or gratitude, I suppose, this promise in writing, under the penalty of ten thousand pounds, if ever he should be the master of property to that amount.

Since his return from abroad, this lady has claimed the performance of his promise, which, on his declining, a law-suit is commenced against him, and it is believed

believed it will infallibly end in the ruin of his fortune, which you know is small.

Mr. Etherville, whose friendship with Mr. Cecil, made him acquainted with the whole of this unhappy affair, (previous to the commencement of the law-suit, which was only last week,) knowing the danger that threatened him, was displeased at his pursuing your affections, and engaging your hand, while so situated; and often exhorted him to stop short of what he could not but consider an enormous crime, the risque of involving you in poverty and sorrow.

But Cecil was deaf to admonition, and persisted in what was certainly a great fault:—till on Mr. Etherville's hearing that the law-suit was really com-

menced, and almost certain of going against him,—he declared his resolution of informing you of the truth:—a quarrel was the result, and in a few hours it was decided according to the modern rules.

‘ Previous to their meeting, Mr. Etherville wrote an account of these circumstances to your brother, leaving it with his servant, and Mr. Warbert had but just received it, when a messenger from Mr. Cecil came, informing him of the event of their rencontre, and desiring instantly to see him; I have passed a very wretched night about you, and know what your heart must feel; but be comforted, in the assurance, that the life of your friend is spared—and that the man

you

you viewed as your destined husband, has
 escaped the guilt of murder.'

'I am thankful:—'said Angeline,—
 with her hands folded, and her fine eyes
 raised to Heaven!—'I am, indeed,'—
 she crossed her hands upon her breast,
 and added—'but you know not what
 is passing in this heart;—he is lost to me,
 and I am lost to peace!'

She endeavoured to smother her
 tears, but in vain; a flood overpowered
 her senses, and she was unconscious of
 the entrance of Mrs. Belmore.

With her hands clasped, and her eyes
 fixed on the ground, she lay down beside
 the bed, and in a few moments she was
 fast asleep. The lady Mary, who had
 been standing by the door, saw her
 fall, and in a moment she was at her
 side, and in a few moments she was
 fast asleep.

CHAP. XXII.

NOT one tear fell from Angeline, nor
 was she able to utter another syllable
 for a considerable time. Silent, and
 shivering, she sat, with her eyes fixed,
 and her hands clasped, and lady Mary
 was inexpressibly alarmed.

She

She endeavoured to soften her to tears, but in vain; a stupor overpowered her senses, and she was unconscious of the entrance of Mrs. Belmore.

Mr. Warbert had been with Mrs. Belmore, and she came, with a heart full of sympathy, in the hope of alleviating the sorrow she knew Angeline would experience: she sat down beside her, she took her hand in her's,—she spoke affectionately to her—and at last a few tears fell.

Rejoiced to observe that her grief had taken a less dangerous form than when she first entered, Mrs. Belmore again, in the most judicious manner, mentioned the unhappy cause of their concern, and Angeline wept more.

Her

Her heart was relieved:—she was able to speak, but complained of an acute pain in her head, and wishing to lay down, lady Mary and Mrs. Belmore led her to her chamber.

She continued very ill the whole day, Cecil came to enquire for her in the evening, but saw only a servant, and was informed of Angeline's indisposition.

Lady Mary and Miss Belmore, sat up beside Angeline all night:—she was restless and agitated, heaving deep sighs—and scarcely closing her eyes at all.

In the morning, her first enquiry was about Julius, and her brother assured her he was much better: in little pain,
and

and had no fever. She thanked the Almighty, but never mentioned the name of Cecil.

In the course of the day Cecil often called, but saw none of the family; for he was greatly funk in all their opinions.

Angeline wished, yet feared to name him: her head ached incessantly, but her heart more:—she had still a little fever, but not so as to create an alarm.

Mr. Warbert visited their friend Etherville every hour, and generally found Cecil there: the latter knew that Angeline was acquainted with the cause of their quarrel, and testified most painful

ful impatience to know the decision of his fate: will the day of a liberation

‘You cannot, surely, wish,’—said Mr. Warbert,—‘to marry my sister, with your present prospects! Can you truly regard her, and bear the apprehension of involving her in destruction? of giving being to a family to be left perhaps destitute?’

‘My profession would shield us from want, sir,’—said Cecil, rather indignantly.

‘Pardon me:’—returned Mr. Warbert,—‘but, in this case I have a right to speak:—and consider it my duty to be candid.’

‘Supposing,

Supposing, then, there was no other obstacle, will the pay of a lieutenant support my sister in the rank in which she is born:—will it allow for a provision for the probable consequences of your marriage? I rest the point here:—but suffer me to add, I think Angeline possessed of too much real delicacy to unite herself with a man who has forfeited his honor with a woman to whom he is under high obligations.

‘I would therefore advise you, sir, to drop all hopes of my sister; for, however great her attachment is, I hope her sense of propriety is as great:—and I am sure her principles and her sentiments are perfectly just.’

Cecil's complexion heightened, and
he

he replied with warmth; pleading his youth at the time he committed the error that seemed to have destroyed his brightest hopes,

‘It is a point we will not dispute,’ returned Mr. Warberr,—‘I am younger at this moment than you were then, but I think I could not abuse an affectionate or generous heart;—nor, placing the matter in another light, could I, if I at all know myself, take advantage of a weak woman.’

Cecil answered with more heat than before:—and Philip said,—‘I mean not to quarrel sir:—I am not a fighting man:—I value my life for the sake of those to whom I know it is of consequence;—

sequence: and with my life, if necessary, will I defend their interests.

He knew more of Cecil's conduct than he chose to enlarge about:—and he had resolved, that, if he could prevent it, he should never marry Angeline.

Julius Etherville knew that Cecil had other and powerful claims upon him, beside those of the lady who was at law with him.

He knew that when he embarked for the West-Indies, he had left a young woman, who long had soothed his indigence, and given her all to relieve it, pining in poverty and obscurity, with a heart faithfully devoted to him, and with

two infants to support, but devoid of money, of friends, or of any means of honest and honorable existence.

When Cecil parted with Julius abroad, he had informed him, that the highest pleasure his heart felt from the independence that was bequeathed him, arose from its putting it in his power to reward the affection of a worthy being, whose peace he knew he had embittered, whose attachment to him was very uncommon, and who was deserving a better fate than had awaited her.

While they were brother officers together, Cecil had often appeared unhappy, and assigned the cruel destiny of Valentinia Clifford, as the cause of

his

his uneasiness. He was never passionately in love with any woman, he said—but he then preferred Valentia Clifford to all he had ever seen;—and he knew himself dearer to her than life, than fame, or any other earthly good.

Could he have looked forward to futurity:—could he have foreseen that Angeline Warbert was destined to inspire his heart with an affection, of which he had then but very little idea, he would never have placed such confidence in Julius Etherville; nor have related to him the sad tale of Valentia Clifford's misfortunes.

Valentia Clifford was the only child of an officer, descended from a good family, but who had, in early life,

life, disoblged that family, by a marriage beneath his rank, and was, from that period, estranged from them.

He was, however, happy with the partner of his heart, till death put an end to that felicity, and deprived him of the object of his choice, while Valentia was in her infancy. They had subsisted some time on Mr. Clifford's half-pay, and debts accumulated around them. After struggling through various difficulties for many years, when Valentia was about fourteen, her father was conveyed to prison, and thither his affectionate and dutiful girl attended him.—

He remained a prisoner for near five years, and never hoped a release but from

from death, when a very distant relation, who heard of his sufferings, died and left him a legacy of five hundred pounds. All his debts did not amount to an hundred and fifty; he paid them, and was set at liberty.

Mr. Clifford's health, through want, sorrow, and confinement, had long been in a declining way:—he hired lodgings in a pleasant village near the metropolis, and, with his attentive child, removed there.

In the same family, Cecil was at that time a boarder, and the attractions of Valentia secured his admiration.

She was pleasing in person:—she was, like himself, in the bloom of youth:—
she

she was an exemplary child:—her soul was full of sensibility:—she was humane and good tempered.

Though she had seen but little of life, her sentiments were exalted, and her mind enlarged by the conversation of her father; who possessed great understanding, and was an excellent scholar: and had studied mankind no less than books,

Cecil sought the society of Valentinia, and cultivated an acquaintance with her father; Mr. Clifford was much pleased with his fine sense and talents, and they were inmates of the same family for near two years, when Mr. Clifford felt a conviction, that the final scene of his existence was near, and he wrote to many of his relations, recommending his daughter to their protection.

But

But his letters were disregarded:—
and Valentia's mother had no friends to
whom he could apply in behalf of their
child; for she had been the orphan of a na-
tural and unacknowledged son of a coun-
try gentleman; and was therefore devoid
of family connections, who would confi-
der themselves in that light.

Recommending his daughter, there-
fore, to heaven, he wrote another letter,
addressed to a gentleman who had been a
friend of his youth, (and who was said to
be married to a very deserving woman,
with whom he resided in a remote part of
the kingdom, beseeching they would re-
ceive Valentia as a boarder in their fa-
mily; but ere the answer to that applica-
tion arrived, Mr. Clifford was no more.

The gentleman to whom Mr. Clif-
ford

ford had written, returned an answer to his letter, and offered Valentia the protection of his family; but she had chosen a protector for herself, that she believed, would be preferable:—Cecil had declared an attachment for her, she truly loved him:—and marriage was proposed.

But marriage was not the intention of Cecil:—he was in debt, Valentia knew it, and a part of her money was appropriated to relieve him from his enthrallments.

All unsuspecting, with warm affections tenderly attached, and, as is the too frequent case, forgetful of what she owed to herself, Valentia soon became the victim of Cecil:—they removed their

their lodgings, and she became by name, though not by law, his wife.

Though fondly attached to Cecil, yet feeling the weight of her fault, Valentia was never happy :—she loved him, but she could not esteem nor value herself, and her health was consumed by secret disquiet.

They resided together three years, Valentia's money was all expended, and the best of her cloaths, and many other valuables had likewise been parted with to procure the necessaries of life :—when Cecil formed the connection with the widow, who, wiser than Valentia, had outwitted him.

Valentia, and the children they then

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had,

had, shared with him the widow's liberality; which he had address enough to make Valentinia believe came from a very different quarter; —from the generosity of some relations to whom, he informed her, he had represented his situation.

The widow was at length weary of the extravagant demands made upon her; and Cecil was glad to obtain the appointment that introduced him to the acquaintance of Julius Etherville.

He left the widow, Valentinia, and his children, without daring even to take leave of either:—but horror, for the fate of the latter, filled his mind, he wrote to her soon, and said all he could to comfort and support her:—maintained a regular correspondence with her:—really felt, for a time,

time, the force of her affection, and the cruelty of her destiny; and sent her small sums of money at different periods; on which, with doing a little needlework, Valentin and her unfortunate children, merely subsisted, in obscurity and distress, until his return.

The widow was at length weary of the extravagant demands made upon her, and Cecil was glad to obtain the appointment that introduced him to the acquaintance of Julius Exhavielle.

He left the widow, Valentin, and his children, without daring even to take leave of either—but horror, for the sake of the latter, filled his mind, he wrote to her, and said all he could to comfort and support her:—maintained a regular correspondence with her:—really felt, for a

Valentia was no longer the same, as when, smiling in innocence, she had held her footling the terrors of her dying father.

Valentia and her mother observed this newness in her with astonishment; they observed, and his conscience accused him as the cause of it; he never beheld her but with a repetition of the same pained sensations; and therefore, his visits became less frequent: Cecil loved pleasure, and avoided every thing that gave him pain; and Valentia's altered

WHEN he again visited England, in consequence of the death of that relation who had so unexpectedly considered him, Cecil remembered Valentia, and sought her out.

Her heart seemed broken by the loss of him; that, one by one, she had endured.

One of their children was dead, and

Valentia

Valentia was no longer the same, as when, smiling in innocence, he first beheld her soothing the sufferings of her dying father.

His heart was struck with the alteration he observed : and his conscience' accused him as the cause of it : he never beheld her but with a repetition of the same painful sensations : and, therefore, his visits became less and less frequent : Cecil loved pleasure, and avoided every thing that gave him pain ; and Valentia's altered person, and manners, her drooping health, her starting tears, pierced his soul, and he wished he could for-ever avoid her : in truth,

" Her heart seemed broken by the sum of ills

" That, one by one, she had endured."

Honor and justice whispered Cecil to make Valentia his wife;—but pride and prejudice spoke a different language, and bade him never wed a woman he had seduced, however great the virtues of that woman's heart, the truth and generosity of her love for him might be.

Although, where Valentia resided, Cecil was believed to be her husband, and her affection and fidelity as a wife, had been indisputable; yet Cecil's conduct created suspicions, gave rise to disrespect, and involved Valentia in deeper perplexities.

Her pecuniary embarrassments were less than before Cecil's return, but the anguish of her heart had more cause than ever. She saw he had deceived himself

and

and her:—she was convinced he knew not the ardour of affection, and she beheld her little daughter with sensations hard to delineate; she knew they were unfortunate and ruined beings! Cecil was formed to engage the female heart, and to be loved to excess; and Valentia Clifford was a melancholy example of that fatal truth.

Cecil left town, to visit his new possessions; and Valentia was again left inconsolable, and ill-provided for; for when passion ceases, liberality seldom survives it long.—Cecil, however, continued to correspond with Valentia, and still professed to love her.

After being a short time in Warwickshire, a particular circumstance in-

duced him to send for her:—she went, more drooping than before, and soon gave birth to another child.

It was but a few weeks after that event, that Cecil, having some business not far distant from Castle Erol, and glad of any pretence to escape from Valentia, sent her and her children back to London, with a small sum of money, and visited the Lodge.

There, Angeline's charms made him, for a time, forget the unfortunate beings he was bound to protect:—but again the idea of their misfortunes recurred, and chased contentment from his heart.

He was then taught, for the first and only time, the nature of real attachment:

and

and began to be sensible of the enormity of the crime, of which he had before thought lightly.

When Valentia heard of Cecil's return to London, she wrote to him :—she was in want :—he sent her ten pounds, but formed trifling excuses for not seeing her or the children :—in fact, he could not bear even to think of them :—and, besides, the image of Angeline occupied his mind.

But when Mr. Etherville refused his proffered hand to Angeline ;—he first flew to Valentia, to indulge his sadness ; and then had recourse to dissipation, in the hope of forgetting it. The elopement of Philip with lady Mary, who was universally believed to be gone off

with another gentleman, much more exceptionable, that disappeared from the same circle, about the same time, as it proved, for debt; but who was known to have secretly addressed lady Mary, afforded Cecil an opportunity of again beholding Angeline: and again removed him far from the unhappy mother of his children, by whom he was so tenderly beloved.

On his return to London again, the hopes of the happiness he most ardently sighed for, wholly occupied his thoughts, and Valentia was altogether forgotten.

She felt the force of her wrongs, and of his cruelty; she scorned again to apply to his purse:—and she trusted to
that

that Being who ever regards the innocent, and pities the injured, for the support of herself and infants.

She removed herself far from the haunts of Cecil :—and, convinced of the necessity of trying to forget every thing that reminded her of him, she changed her name, and existed many months by the charity of humane individuals ; among whom, Mrs. Belmore, little suspecting the author of her sorrows, was an active instrument of the Almighty's goodness to her.

Sometimes going to that family,—again she heard the name of Cecil, and her heart bled afresh :—she heard too, that he was soon to be married to Angelina :

geline:—and that intelligence was to her the arrest of death.

A slow disease had long been preying on the springs of life, and the end of her sufferings began to approach fast.

She became confined to her bed, and she wrote a faithful account of her sad story to Mrs. Belmore, which was received on the morning after they were informed of the rencontre of Cecil and Julius.

She recommended her children to that lady's goodness, and besought her to try and move the heart of their father in their behalf.

Shocked, inexpressibly, by the contents

tents of Valentia's letter, Mrs. Belmore saw that unfortunate woman, and did all in her power to sooth her pitiable state.

Valentia's children, were formed to move the coldest heart, and eloquently did their apparently hard lot, speak to Mrs. Belmore's compassion.

Lady Mary wept over this melancholy tale:—and bestowed her purse upon Valentia's little ones.

These circumstances, just communicated to Mr. Warbert by his lady, was what had made him address Cecil in language so forcible and warm, as surprised both him and Mr. Etherville.

For

For although the latter had heard Cecil's account of Valentia's attachment for him, he was a stranger to the extent of her wrongs, the excess of her miseries; the little (compared with the reality) that he had known about her, was sufficient, when united with the other cause of his disquiet on Angeline's account, to justify the concern with which he beheld her affections devoted to Cecil.

And to do honor to the active exertions of his friendship to prevent her becoming the wife of a man, whose selfishness and cruelty was threatened with the fate it merited; and who was about to involve another innocent being in the punishment due to his faults; — and to make her the partaker of that adversity

verity and disgrace that seemed to await him.

Angeline continued much indisposed, and though she ventured not to name Cecil, she wished to hear of him, and his idea was ever present to her mind.

Mr. Warbert avoided visiting Julius at hours when he thought it likely to find Cecil there : and the latter, never mentioned but with abhorrence at Mr. Belmore's, had often been refused admittance ; Mrs. Belmore feeling it a duty, yet being rather reluctant to undertake the painful office of performing her promise to Valentia.

Angeline had admitted many extenuations

ations of Cecil's faults with respect to the widow, to enter her mind, and thought her friends too severe. No doubt—she thought, the woman was artful, and Cecil was then young; but had she known Valentin's sorrows, what she deemed severity, would have been considered as indulgence.—Still her whole soul was Cecil's, and still her thoughts wandered perpetually toward him.

Racked by fearful surmises, he, one day, on being again denied admittance at Mr. Belmore's door, forcibly passed the porter, and ascended the stairs. Mrs. Belmore had just written to him a letter, inclosing that of Valentin to her; for she felt herself unequal to the undertaking of speaking
to

to him on the subject:—and it was a case in which she did not chuse to trust either of the gentlemen; least another quarrel should be the result.

Cecil had not received her letter, but just as he reached the door of the drawing-room, the servant following him, Mrs. Belmore opened it—and Angeline, who was going to accompany that lady to her dressing-room, appeared before him.

Greatly surprised, Angeline became, if possible, more pallid than before, and started back, while Mrs. Belmore gravely exclaimed, 'Mr. Cecil!' and looked at the affrighted servant, for an explanation of what she saw.

'The

'The gentleman would come in, madam,' said the porter, 'though I told him there was nobody at home.' Cecil rushed by Mrs. Belmore, and, seizing Angeline's hands, he covered them with passionate kisses:—their tears fell and mingled together.

A rap at the door, made the servant return to his duty—and Mrs. Belmore, approaching the unhappy lovers, stood, irresolute how to act, and greatly affected by the distress of Angeline, who, leaning on the arm of the sofa, seemed almost deprived of life and reason:—when, the drawing-room door being still open, an object appeared that greatly increased the surprise and agitation of Mrs. Belmore:—and Cecil, raising his eyes, sprang to the farthest

farthest part of the room, and struck his hands on his forehead, in the extremest agony!

It was Valentia Clifford! that poor unfortunate, who, deranged in mind, and ill attended, had been suffered to leave her sick-bed, and, impelled by the grateful emotions of her heart, had taken her infants in her hand, and directed her steps to Mr. Belmore's door.

She had reached the other side of the square, when she beheld Cecil hastening to the same house, and saw him enter.

Her little remaining reason forsook her:—she leaned a few moments on some iron railing near her, and then crossed

crossed the square, and rapped at Mr. Belmore's door.

The porter knew her, and let her in; supposing she wanted the house-keeper. — She never spoke, but the idea of Cecil was strong in her mind, and, in a distracted manner, she left her two infants in the hall, and flew, rather than ran, up the stairs that led to the drawing-room.

She followed Cecil, the object of her whole attention to the spot where he stood, — fixed, as if by a thunderbolt: and looking back, she exclaimed, — ‘ Alas! they have taken away my children! — Whither, — whither are they gone!’ — Her face was the picture of death:

death:—her eyes wild; and her whole appearance truly pitiable!

Angeline, amazed, had sunk down upon the sofa: and Mrs. Belmore, taking Valentia by the hand, said, ‘Be composed—don’t you know me?’—‘No,—no:’—she repeated in a low voice:—she gazed steadily in her face again—and cried,—‘Oh, yes I do!—How are they all?—How is my mother, and my poor dear father?—Did not you tell them I was coming?’—She paused—and repeated,—‘What is become of my infants?’

‘You shall go to your children,’—said Mrs. Belmore.—Valentia shook her head—and pointing to Cecil,—said ‘No,—no, he has got them!—he has deceived

deceived me: and don't you believe him;
but he shall not keep my children.

Give them up to me,' she said,—
leaning on Cecil's arm, while he en-
deavoured to shrink from her.—'Give
them to me—and, indeed,—indeed, I
will never trouble you again.'

'Horror!'—Cecil exclaimed,—
'Horror, and ruin surround me!—I
am lost!'—He rushed out of the room,
and was out of the house in an in-
stant.

In the hall he saw the children, but
he dared not stop; and the servants said,
they believed the inhabitants of St.
Luke's were all coming to visit them.
When Valentin saw him go, he at-
tempted

tempted to follow him, but Mrs. Belmore prevented her.

Her mind still hovered about her children, but her senses were so imperfect, she could not remember she had brought them into the house with her.

Mrs. Belmore rang the bell, and understood the children were below: she desired they might be taken care of, and again applied herself to soften the distraction of their mother.

Cold damps hung on her face:— and, in a few moments, she fell into a swoon:— one succeeded another: she became unfit to be removed to her own abode—and Mrs. Belmore, humanely, ordered a bed to be prepared for her.

The

The faintings continued till midnight, when, her strength quite exhausted—a gleam of reason returned, and again she enquired for her children.

Mrs. Belmore ordered them to be brought to her. She embraced and blest them : she recommended them to heaven, and to Mrs. Belmore,—and she died without another pang.

Mrs. Belmore, who had scarcely left Valentia's side after her coming there, as soon as she saw her released from her sufferings, remembered what she owed to Angeline, who was likewise very ill ; and went to enquire about her.

She had neither spoke nor wept since the moment that she had first beheld

beheld Valentia: was ill the whole remaining part of the day;—her pulse was high, and in the evening she grew feverish.

She was put to bed, continued restless, the fever increased, and was attended by shivering fits very alarming.—Mrs. Belmore spoke to her, Angeline knew her, but made no reply to that lady's affectionate enquiries.

Her strength was before, to ex-
hausted, by illness, and mental suffer-
ings, that there scarce appeared a hope
of her recovery, and she grew each mo-

CHAPTER XXIV.

EARLY in the morning Mr. Warbert,
was sent for, and informed of these
afflicting circumstances. Lady Mary came,
and Angeline, whose spirits had received
a most severe shock, had several
convulsive fits, that threatened imme-
diate dissolution.

Her

Her strength was, before, so exhausted, by illness, and mental sufferings, that there scarce appeared a hope of her recovery, and she grew each moment worse.

Mrs. Belmore, convinced of the strength of Cecil's passions, and the rashness of his temper, feared that his receipt of the letter she had written to him, might, at that juncture, be productive of some more fatal consequence, and entreated Mr. Warbert to make enquiries about the unhappy man. Mr. Warbert went to his lodgings, and found a new scene of distress and confusion there.

On Cecil's reaching his apartments, and finding Mrs. Belmore's letter, — he

had shut himself in, and continued the whole day, walking up and down, talking loudly, and uttering exclamations of the wildest desperation.

The family was alarmed: and they were fearful that he was meditating some evil, and consulted with his servant what measures were best to be pursued.

The servant was unacquainted with the cause of his master's distraction:—but he had known him particularly unhappy for some time, and supposed it arose from the law-suit; of which he had heard an imperfect account.

In the evening Cecil went out, never having tasted food the whole day; and the servant,

servant, rather alarmed, watched him, unobserved.

He went to Mr. Etherville's lodgings, and from there to the chambers of a Lawyer:—he then returned home, and ordering a pint of wine, and a crust of bread, to be brought to his room, he again locked himself in.

His faithful servant became more uneasy:—there was a closet in Cecil's bed-chamber that had a door on the farther side, leading to another apartment:—that door had been blocked up sometime:—and Cecil had never made use of the closet.

The servant communicated to the people of the house the idea that occurred to him,—they opened the door of

the closet leading into the dining-room, where the man placed himself to observe his master, to whom he was much attached, and to prevent the danger Cecil's conduct made him apprehend.

Cecil had loaded his pistols, and laid them on the table:—he drank a glass or two of wine, and putting some papers in the chimney, he set fire to them.

He then sat down, and wrote some letters, but in great agitation:—and, afterward, he took up a book, but the struggles of his mind increased, and he threw it by.

He walked up and down his chamber, he rung his hands, he went, and kneeling down, he leaned his forehead

head against the dressing-table, and remained a considerable time in that attitude.

He arose,—again read,—wrote a few lines more, and then drank up his wine.

He walked up and down again,—and then went to the window:—he spoke often, while there:—but the man could not distinguish what he said.

He returned to the dressing-table, and took up one of the pistols:—he stood a moment as if irresolute, when raising the weapon, the servant rushed in and wrenched it from him:—he flew to the other, but there too, he was prevented.

He struggled violently with the servant, and caught up a penknife that lay on the dressing-table, with which he wounded himself slightly.

The people of the house gathered around them:—they held Cecil forcibly in their arms, till his senses forsook him. Medical aid was called in, but he talked incoherently;—and the agony of his soul brought on a fever by morning.

He was delirious, and extremely ill, and his servant, to whom he owed being saved from the worst of deaths, the greatest of all crimes, that of suicide, went to Mr. Etherville. The generous heart of Julius was greatly moved by Sam's relation, and though he had not been permitted

mitted to quit his chamber from the time of the duel, he ordered a coach to be called, and went to Cecil's lodgings.

He was worse than when Sam had left him; and did not know Julius. The letters Cecil had written, were brought to the latter: one was for Angeline, another for Julius, and a large packet for Mr. Belmore. — Julius opened that to him, and found it to contain these words: —

“You have been my friend, and heaven appointed you to correct my crimes. But why did you not tell me about Valentia? Why was I ignorant, that my adored, my lost Angeline, knew of that fatal affair? Why was Valentia sent to strike my soul with horror at such
G 5 a moment?

a moment? But I merit the fate that awaits me: I have already felt the last pang—and can suffer no more.

“ You are compassionate and just :— pity and protect Valentia and her children : be their friend, be their guardian : they ought to have met a better lot ; but now I have done all I can for them.

“ Entreat Angeline to forgive me ;— and tell her I die to expiate my guilt ! ”

Mr. Warbert entered, just as Julius had read these lines. The physician said, Cecil's brain was greatly affected ; his health, before in an alarming way, and he was sure he could never recover.

Mr.

Mr. Warbert sat by him half-an-hour, but Cecil had not the smallest recollection of him. Mr. Warbert then returned to Mr. Belmore with the other letters.

That to Mr. Belmore, said, the widow who had prosecuted him, considering the uncertainty of the law, had stopped her proceedings against him, and accepted the sum of four thousand pounds; which was to be raised on his estate.

In his will he bequeathed all his fortune, about seven thousand pounds, (apart from what was due to the widow) to Valentia and her children: half of the income being the mother's during her life, the other half for the support of the children:—and the whole to devolve to them after her death; and he besought Mr.
Belmore

Belmore to unite with Julius in protect-
ing them.

He was unacquainted with Valentia's
death, and Julius was equally so, with
every recent particular relative to that
poor unfortunate, until he was informed
of them by Mrs. Belmore.

Angeline was judged to be near
death, and the remains of Valentia were
committed to the earth—her eldest
child, a girl, being put to school, and
her youngest, a boy, and quite an infant,
being with a good nurse.

The fifth day from the decease of
Valentia, Cecil went, let it be hoped, to
mercy and forgiveness; and, being buried
in the same grave with Valentia, they
were

were united in the realms of death, while their spirits, no doubt, experienced a milder destiny in a better world, than the influence of the passions allowed them to know in this.

The illness of Angelina was long and dangerous. During three weeks her recovery appeared hopeless, and each day was expected to be her last.

Julius was never long absent from the house of Mr. Belmore: though still not unmindful of the charge committed to him by Cecil in his last hours.

In examining the papers of that unhappy man, a packet of letters was found, written with much elegance and pathos, with the signature of 'Caroline Byron!'

They

They were shewn to Mrs. Belmore, who instantly recollected having heard Angeline mention the adventure at the cottage near Danes-wood, respecting the beautiful Caroline, in whose fate the earl of Linmore was so deeply interested; and the contents of the packet of letters, proved their writer to have been that ill-fated lady.

It appeared that Cecil, then very young, had seen Caroline, and believing her, (as was, no doubt, the case) the devoted victim of the earl of Linmore; charmed with her beauty, Cecil, under a solemn promise of marriage, had secretly prevailed on her to elope from the earl's house, and commit herself to his protection.

But

But soon did she repent this rash step; for a similar destiny awaited her, as that which afterwards fell to the lot of Valentinia: dishonour, and the deprivation of all that peace——

“ Which Virtue bosoms ever; ”

and without the enjoyment of that, all that this world can bestow, is but an empty pageant, in the estimation of a sensible and feeling mind. Such a mind, Caroline Byron certainly had possessed.

She had no child, and therefore her misfortunes were less severe than those of Valentinia Clifford; the sufferings of Caroline were only for herself; she knew not the bitter self-accusation of having been a means of bringing innocent beings
into

into life, to feel the sad consequences of her credulity. The letters, described Caroline as having been left by Cecil in an afflicting situation of mind and circumstances.—They breathed the language of a heart full of tenderness and sorrow.

At the time they were written, Cecil was in Paris; whither he went to avoid some danger that he was threatened with at home from his juvenile excesses.

Caroline must have been about to follow him to France, when a new misfortune conducted her to the cottage where she died.

Previous to Cecil's leaving England,

he

he had resided with Caroline for several months, in great obscurity, in a small inland town, in the northern part of this kingdom.

Cecil, after his arrival in Paris, had received some letters from Caroline, while she continued in the retreat in which they had been together.

But being, by that time weary of the incumbrance of a fondly attached woman, he formed other engagements in Paris, and too easily reconciled himself to abandon the affectionate and sincere Caroline to whatever chance might await her.

It was soon after, his return home, when, entirely regardless of the fate of Caroline,

Caroline, and not often allowing himself to think of her, chance introduced him to Valentin, and her father.

Cecil knew not that the cottage from whence Caroline had dated her letters was near Danes-wood, until the evening when accident conducted him to that spot with Angeline.

But when the old man took out the well-known dress, Cecil's heart sunk within him:—his fears occasioned the agitation, attributed by Angeline to his concern on her account.

The interest the earl of Linmore took in Caroline's fate, the efforts he made to discover the author of her elopement,

ment, increased Cecil's apprehension ;
but fortune was in that his friend, and
he remained unsuspected.

Cecil knew not that the cottage
from whence Caroline had dated her
letters was near Dances-wood, until the
evening when accident conducted him to
that spot with Angeline.

CHAP. XXV.

But when the old man took out the
well-known dress, Cecil's heart sunk
within him—his tears occasioned the
agitation, attributed by Angeline to his
concern on her account.
The interest the earl of Linmore
made to discover the author of her elope-
ment, (with many others, that could
not be named) was the subject of her
character.

character of him to whom they were
addressed to the flames; that they might
never come to the knowledge of the
earl of Linmore; and make him un-
availingly execrate the name of the mis-
guided Cecil, whose fate contained a
lancid proof of the mischief that ge-
nerally await an unbounded indulgence
of the senses, unretained by reason
and virtue.

CHAP. XXV.

But a little while ago, said Philip,
as he hung inextinguishable over the pillow
of his dear sister—how flattering the
UNITING in opinion, that it could do
no good to expose the discovery, re-
specting the unfortunate and beautiful
Caroline Byron, Mr. and Mrs. Belmore,
and Julius, judged it best to commit her
letters, (with many others, that could
only tend to add a deeper odium to the
character

character of him to whom they were addressed) to the flames; that they might never come to the knowledge of the earl of Linmore; and make him unavailingly execrate the name of the misguided Cecil; whose fate contained a melancholy proof of the miseries that generally await an unbounded indulgence of the senses, unrestrained by reason and virtue.

‘ But a little while ago,’ said Philip, as he hung inconsolable over the pillow of his dear sister——‘ how flattering the hopes of this poor sufferer?—How fair her prospects?—How soon are they all vanished?—While sorrow, sickness, and I fear approaching death, supply their place!’

Mr.

Mr. Lyttleton had been returned to Seaford Abbey from the time that Angeline was declared out of danger, after Julius had rescued her from the fire; and the inhabitants of Seaford, ignorant of later events, wondered at the delay of their wished-for guests.

Not a post but brought letters to Mr. Belmore's, either from Eleanore or Walter Warbert:—and one received from Mr Lyttleton, mentioned the earl of Linmore being, very unexpectedly, again a visitor at the Abbey.

During the third week of Angeline's illness, her brother and lady Mary, were one day sitting beside her, watching, as they believed, the symptoms of near dissolution, when a servant informed Mr.

Warbert

Warbert, there was a countryman below very solicitous to see him, Mr. Warbert followed the servant, and found the stranger to be farmer Elmsford.

The good old man attempted to speak, but sorrow denied him the power. He clasped his hands together, shook his white locks mournfully, and big tears filled the furrows of his aged cheeks.—
 ‘What is the matter, Mr. Elmsford?’ enquired Mr. Warbert, taking the farmer, condescendingly, by the hand,—‘you seem in affliction.’—‘I am, sir,—’ he exclaimed—‘I am indeed.—I have lost my child, and my heart is breaking! My Dorothy has left me,—’ he proceeded,—
 ‘and I know with whom; for I traced them all the way to town, and am come

to

to beg, fir, that you will assist me to regain my poor deluded girl.'

'Who is it that has taken her from you?' Mr Warbert enquired.

'Oh, fir,'—replied the farmer,—
'would you think it? it is lord Erol!' Mr. Warbert started with horror and amazement! 'He came to his lodge, to be sure,'—the farmer continued,—'with no other intent. He was always at our house as soon as his arm got quite well. He has enticed away my child:—I traced them to an inn in this city, but I don't know how to find his town house.

'I will go to him with you,'—said Mr. Warbert, greatly shocked by the farmer's intelligence,—'It is a most base
and

and unbecoming action, but to the best of my power, I will see you redressed.'—

The farmer expressed his gratitude, and a footman entered, saying, 'a young man enquired for Mr. Elmstord.'

'It is Henry!'—he exclaimed,—
'It is the youth that was promised to my undone child!'—The young man was shewn in, and running up to the farmer—
'they are both dead,'—he cried,—and
'I have killed them!'

The farmer fell on his knees, in an agony of sorrow, and Mr. Warbert applied to Henry for an explanation of what he had said;—'But, I have killed them! I have killed them!' was all that could be obtained from him.

Mr. Warbert desired the farmer and Henry to remain there:—and ordering a hackney coach, he went himself to lord Erol's town house, and soon understood the cause of Henry's distraction.

Waiting at the inn, where they had put up, for the farmer's return from Mr. Warbert, Henry beheld lord Erol in his phaeton, with Dorothy by his side, passing the window where he sat! Affected, almost to distraction, the poor youth ran into the street, followed the carriage, and caught hold of the harness, opposing the progress of the horses with all his strength.—Dorothy uttered a loud shriek!

His lordship instantly recollected Henry:—and, endeavoring to force the

the horses on, the phaeton overturned, and the seducer and his victim were both carried home senseless. The former had, indeed, received a mortal hurt in his fall, and was greatly disfigured in his face, but Dorothy was only a little bruised, and much frightened.

On Mr. Warbert's arrival at lord Erol's house, the latter, on hearing his name, earnestly requested to see him. — Without waiting for Mr. Warbert to speak, he informed him that he was the person who had hired the villains that carried off Angeline from the Abbey.

He besought the forgiveness of Mr. Warbert and Angeline: spoke of his buried lady, and said, 'I die disfigured

as well as her,—but I do not die, like her, in peace.—I am not beloved like her,—nor shall I be, like her, regretted.’—‘Ah!’—he proceeded, ‘guilt weighs down my spirits!’

He was ignorant of the late melancholy events respecting Cecil, but raising his eyes, he enquired, ‘Is Angeline married?—Is Cecil happy? But what have I to do with their felicity? I never merited happiness.’

A surgeon entered, but his lordship requested to speak a few words more to Mr. Warbert. ‘Beg farmer Elmsford,’—he cried—‘entreat Henry Melvin, and the unfortunate Dorothy to forgive the wrongs I have done them.’

He

He asked for pen and ink, and desired that a thousand pounds might be given to each of them. 'Poor recompence' said he—'for innocence, for honor, and happiness, never to be regained!'

'Nor is this all I have to deposit in your bosom, Mr. Warbert,'—he added,—'It was me who destroyed Marianne, the beautiful and only child of farmer Benson, who resides near Castle Erol! She listened to my professions, became the prey of my arts; and, unable to encounter shame, she became the destroyer of herself, and the unborn infant!'

'I have left to her parents a sum of money in my will; but take upon you to convey it to them as your's or lady Mary's

gift, left, by leading them to develop the truth, it becomes an aggravation of their misfortune.

‘ Oh ! could I but recal those days of guilt and delusion ! Had I but known the influence of virtuous love, the worth of Laura Lyttleton ! But it is now too late !’ —

He was extremely exhausted, and Mr. Warbert found it necessary to summon his attendants : — and left him to their care ; while he made some enquires about the unhappy Dorothy : — and was shewn into the room where she sat, oppressed by grief and remorse !

Mr. Warbert endeavoured to sooth the agitations of her mind : — he soon discovered

discovered that although she wished to see her father, she equally feared it:—but after some persuasion, he prevailed on her to accompany him in the coach that waited.

At Mr. Belmore's another touching scene took place. Sorrow and gladness; shame and pity; resentment and affection, struggled in the old man's heart; while love, forgiveness, hope, and fear, occupied that of Henry Melvin.

‘Will you return home with us?’—said the tender parent. ‘Will you forget the deceitful lord, and leave this fine town? Dorothy only answered with tears; Henry's flowed fast:—and Mr. Warbert said, he hoped yet to see them all happy.

‘Yes,’—cried Henry, ‘and so we may:—I don’t love her the less.—I know fine folks have fine tongues, and false promises;—and such folks as we, are apt to believe them. Dorothy thought to be a lady:—and this lord is rich, and handsome too.’

‘But if Dorothy will have me, all that is past shall be forgotten:—we will take a farm a good way off, where nobody knows of her running away:—I will never think of it again, but do all I can to make her as happy as ever; for she knows how I love her, and we have been sweethearts a long time.’

He took Dorothy’s reluctant hand: the farmer’s heart was relieved, but he felt too much to speak. Mr. Warbert
ordered

ordered apartments to be given them in the house just hired for him, and he desired to see them again ere they thought of leaving town.

Dorothy thought apt to believe them. — and this lord is rich, and

London too.

But if Dorothy will have me, all that

is left shall be forgotten: — we will

take a thirty-day day off, where no-

body knows of her running away: —

will never think of it again, — and no

I can to make her as happy as ever.

He knows how I love her, and we have

been together a long time, — and

the future is bright, and I mean

He took Dorothy's unhesitating answer.

Her heart's heart is relieved, — and

tell too much to speak. Mr. Watson

ordered

the

The earl of Glenlyre, whose health had lately been declining, and whose mind had severely felt the contrast of his loss, Lord Erol, when he received the account of his death, predicted it would

The illness of Angeline, contrary to the fears of all to whom she was dear, took a favourable turn;—and hopes that she would be restored to health, was justifi-

CHAP. XXVI.

Several weeks elapsed, and Angeline, **LORD** Erol died on the day after Mr. Warbert had been at his house; and the farmer, his daughter, and Henry, were too much shocked by that event, to think of proceeding immediately on their journey.

The

The earl of Glentyre, whose health had lately been declining, and whose mind had severely felt the conduct of his son, lord Erol, when he received the account of his death, predicted it would be the means of hastening his own.

The illness of Angeline, contrary to the fears of all to whom she was dear, took a favourable turn:—and hopes that she would again be restored to them, was justified by the assurances of her physicians.

Several weeks elapsed, and Angeline, though still weak as infancy, was pronounced out of danger.

She made no enquiries about Cecil, but she searched every countenance around her for intelligence about him:—and
anxiety

anxiety and suspense for his fate, preyed upon her heart in secret.

She still was interested most tenderly about him, unworthy as she had discovered him to be:—she could not remove his image from her mind, nor could she forget the scene she had witnessed between him and Valeria:—about whom she was likewise solicitous to be informed, without daring to enquire.

Her first, her only love, was Cecil: and it is not easy to recal the heart when once bestowed.

What misfortune can equal that of bestowing the affections unworthily? It was a misfortune severely felt by Angeline; and, whether awake or asleep, Cecil engrossed

engrossed her thoughts, preyed on her spirits, and impeded her recovery.

Another month elapsed, the summer was far in advance, and Angeline was thought well enough to admit of the long purposed journey to Seaford:—when Mrs. Belmore received a letter from Mr. Mansel, written at the request of Constantia, and containing an account of the death of Mr. Blandon:—who, after his former restoration to health, had forgotten his professed resolution of endeavouring to find happiness in the bosom of social virtue; but, in secret, regretting his disappointment with respect to Angeline, he abandoned himself to his old pursuits, and fell the victim of inebriety.

Mr.

Mr. Warbert, after the lapse of a few weeks, prevailed on Dorothy Elmsford to accept the hand of Henry Melvin: what lord Erol had bequeathed to them was laid out in the purchase of a small estate in Essex, whither they hastened, while the farmer, full of gratitude to heaven, and to Mr. Warbert, turned his thoughts toward home, to prepare for removing his family from Danes-wood; as lady Mary had expressed a wish of having that place fitted up for their summer residence.

Every thing was made ready for departure: and a large party from Mr. Belmore's soon reached Seaford Abbey.

Mr. Warbert, Julius Etherville, (who was raised to the rank of a captain)

tain) doctor Etherville, and his lady, whom they visited in their way, lady Mary, Angeline, and her younger brothers, were soon to hasten to the Lodge, to have the affairs of its late master properly arranged; while Mr. and Mrs. Belmore, and Miss Belmore, were to stop at Blandon Castle.

The family of Mr. Lyttleton had, previous to the arrival of their friends from London, received intelligence of the melancholy fate of Cecil, and the death of lord Erol; and the Abbey wore a gloomy aspect, when Angeline again hailed its tranquil shades.

The inhabitants of Seaford knew more than it was proper Angeline should

should know:—and the laughing Eleanor was quite an altered being.

She had, in secret, long regarded Cecil with a tenderness unsuspected in her, and the account of his death, with the circumstances attending it, had deeply affected her amiable spirits.

Tired of an incessant pursuit after beauty, the earl of Linmore had found rational pleasure in the society of Eleanor Lyttleton:—and, to the surprise of all that knew his character, made her a *tendre* of his hand.

Her parents smiled on the proposal: they knew the human heart as well as most people, they believed the attachment of the Earl to be sincere: they
judged

judged it must be so, as Eleanore had
neither gold nor beauty to dazzle.

They, therefore, concluded it must be
an affection arising from sincere esteem,
and a just sense of the excellent quali-
ties of their daughter's mind: and the
earl's understanding was of the first
description, they doubted not but their
union might be productive of lasting
happiness.

An opinion in which they were
confirmed, by observing the alteration
in the mind and sentiments of the earl,
since he had declared his preference in
Eleanore's favour.

The heart of Eleanore was, at first,
reluctant,

reluctant, but her reason corrected that reluctance.

‘ Shall I’——thought she,——‘ indulge dangerous and romantic delusions, and nourish in my bosom a hopeless passion for one who never as a lover distinguished me?——Would I encourage the weakness of my heart at this moment!——’

‘ There could I like to waste my days, lamenting Cecil, and weeping over the memory of his accomplishments, the charms of his manners, and conversation: the enormity of his crimes, and his unhappy death.

‘ But Providence claims duties of me, that must not be neglected. It requires
of

of me to remember what is due to my family, my friends, and the interest of society.

• We must endeavour to conquer un-availing sadness:—and go on actively in the path allotted to us by heaven!

• I preferred Cecil to all men; but I never had a hope of being beloved by him; I knew I was not so.

• The earl of Linmore distinguished me:—he has abandoned all his favorite pleasures for my society:—his heart seems to feel a well-founded friendship for me:—and he is altogether a different character since he professed an affection for me.

If I had not observed this change in him, I should not have believed him really attached; but, as it is, what objection can I make, consistent with good sense, or propriety?—My family will be honoured by the alliance, and my dear parents, perhaps, rendered the happier by it.

Thus argued Eleanore with herself:—the earl was encouraged to look to the happiness he sighed for:—and his heart experiencing for Eleanore sentiments to him as new as they were delightful, he was taught to acknowledge, that no happiness can be sincere and lasting, but what is supported by virtue and sentiment.

The party from London, remained

a few

a few weeks at the Abbey; and then, with Walter Warbert, and Francis Etherville, whose health was still languishing, they bade adieu to the family of Mr. Lyttleton, and hastened to their different destinations.

When Mr. and Mrs. Belmore, with their daughter, separated from those going to the Lodge, they promised, if possible, to visit the mountains ere they returned to London, and prevail on Mrs. Blandon to be of their party.

On their arrival at Blandon Castle, they found Constantia in affliction that could only be equalled by the excess of her attachment to the man, to whom her heart had been devoted:—her heart full of affection and forgiveness, mourned
his

his death, forgot his faults, and only remembered how dear he was to her.

Greatly consoled by the mild and sensible arguments of Mrs. Belmore, Constantia's grief became less poignant. She was convinced that our truest interest, and best wisdom is to submit to the Divine will, and she became resigned to its dispensations.

Mr. Mansel was much at the Castle : and Mr. Blandon, who had sense enough to know his worth, had in his will appointed him the guardian of Frederick.

Ever the active and zealous friend of Constantia, Mr. Mansel happily adjusted Mr. Blandon's affairs ; which were, by a
long

long course of imprudence, involved in great perplexity; and the hopes of the generous Mansel still secretly looked up to a union with his long-loved Constantia.

His arguments of Mrs. Belmore's first became less poignant. She

was convinced that our truth itself, and best wisdom, are bound to the Divine will, and the reason refused to be dissatisfied.

CHAP. XXVII.

Mr. Mansel was now in the city.

and Mr. Bladdon, who had been enough

to know the worth, had in his will and

pointed him the ground of his

months at the College, and the Bladdon

in their early career, reconciled to the

CHAP.

Ever the active and zealous friend of

Constantia, Mr. Mansel happily advised

Mr. Bladdon's affairs, which were, he

Belmore's point of the promised

Angela.

to a union with his long-loved Con-
genious Mabel. Will heartily looked up
right bravely, and the hopes of the
long course of independence involved in

CHAP. XXVII.

MR. and Mrs. Belmore continued three months at the Castle : and Mrs. Blandon, in their society appeared reconciled to the loss of him she had so truly loved.

The autumn commenced, and Mrs. Belmore spoke of the promised visit to Angeline.

Angeline. Constantia could ill bear to be so soon deprived of those friends to whom gratitude and sentiment equally had attached her, and after some debate she yielded to Mrs. Belmore's entreaty, and accompanied them to the Lodge.

Business recalled Mr. Mansel home : and Mr. Belmore's family, with Constantia and her son, after a short and pleasant journey, were again with Angeline and her friends.

They were welcomed with warm affection at the Lodge : and found that Mr. Etherville, having died without a will, Doctor Etherville, and Mr. Lyttleton were chosen guardians of Angeline, of Walter, and of Mr. Etherville's only remaining child, Francis.

The air of the mountains had been very conducive to the restoration of Angelina's health, but she still looked pale: for her heart was oppressed by her uncertainty about the fate of Cecil.

Mr. Belmore's family remaining at the Lodge till the winter set in, Angelina was, in the most tender manner, and by slow degrees, informed of Cecil's death, and of as much as was proper for her to know of Valentia's mournful tale.

The impression made upon her mind by these truths, was deep:—but the example of Constantia taught her submission to the awards of Providence:—and though still sad in heart, still drooping in spirits, she looked up to heaven with gratitude, for having escaped a union with
a man,

a man, who had in the career of licentiousness, been guilty of such enormities; and made a sacrifice of those, who for his sake, would not have hesitated to have given their lives.

Mr. Warbert had in every point performed the dying requests of lord Erol; particularly in what respected the parents of Marianne Benson, but the good old pair, lost to all enjoyments of this world, their hearts broken through grief for the loss of their Marianne, died within a few weeks of each other, during the autumn, leaving their whole property, (except a few trifling legacies) to William Seaton; whose love for Marianne, and whose attentions to them, rendered him most worthy the distinction.

Docter Etherville and his lady had been returned home ere Mr. Belmore's family arrived at the Lodge:—and Francis Etherville dying in Angeline's arms, about the end of October, the fortune of the deceased Mr. Etherville devolved to Julius, then Captain Etherville;—who, knowing Angeline's attachment to the Lodge, earnestly besought her to accept it as her future residence.

Angeline acquiesced so far as to continue there for a time:—and Mrs. Blandon, between whom and Angeline a friendship was formed, agreed to become the companion of her solitude, Frederick Blandon being placed at one of the first schools in England, by Mr. Mansel.

In

In November, Mr. Belmore, with his amiable wife and daughter, with Mr. Warbert, and lady Mary, departed from the Lodge, and hastened their return to the metropolis.

On their arrival there, they found the old earl of Glentyre had been dead some months:—and Miss Belmore's amiable lover had succeeded to his father's titles, and immense estates.

As soon as propriety would admit, the young earl claimed the promised hand of his lovely Margareta Belmore: and about the same time, the earl of Linmore re-appearing in the great world, with the sweet corrector of his errors, the lovely Eleanore, the three youthful brides all made their appearance at court

on the same day, and did honor, in the general opinion, to those who had selected them.

Captain Etherville passed the winter at the Lodge, happy in the elegant and endearing society of Angeline and Mrs. Blandon.

Mr. Mansel still adored Constantia:—and could taste no happiness when absent from her. But her native delicacy, and her, unhappily, strong attachment to the memory of the husband she had lost, denied her the power of encouraging Mr. Mansel's hopes;—she declared it impossible for her to think of any second union; and wished to end her days with Angeline:—her
esteem

esteem and affection for whom increased hourly.

Business sometimes called captain Etherville from them, but he soon returned to the Lodge, where all his happiness, centered:—and, among other pieces of intelligence, he brought them an account that Alfred Lyttletou was married to a very deserving woman, possessed of an ample fortune, and descended from a good family.

This intelligence afforded a sincere pleasure to Angeline:—who had long known and regretted that amiable youth's hopeless attachment to her; and her heart rejoiced in the prospect of his being happy.

Another summer elapsed, and lord lady Linmore, with Mr. and Mrs. Lytleton, paid a visit to their beloved Angeline, and passed a delightful month at the Lodge.

They rejoiced to find her restored to tranquility; though her cheerfulness was no longer what it once had been.

They wished her to accompany them to the earl's seat, in the North of England; but her heart found contentment at the Lodge, and she could not bear to be separated from Mrs. Bandon: whose sentiments and misfortunes equally endeared her to Angeline.

Generally, resident at the Lodge, captain Etherville's highest pleasure was,
when

when listening to Angeline, and making observations on her exemplary life. The elegance, the purity, and noble turn of her sentiments, made every moment, a more deep impression on his mind, and he seemed to live, only, when in her presence. —

Angeline well knew the worth of captain Etherville's heart, the excellence of his whole character, and felt the impression of them more strongly than ever. She had experienced the folly of placing affection upon fleeting advantages: — the danger of depending for happiness on men, whose personal merits alone, laid them open to numerous temptations: — whose vanity led the way to destruction, and who, in the pursuit of pleasure, broke through

through every social tie, and trampled on each moral duty.

She could be contented to pass her days in the society of Julius, yet she started from the idea of marrying him:—and her mind continued in that situation until the summer of 1790, when the rumour of war called captain Etherville from them, and agitated the gentle bosom of Angeline with fears on his account.

Not till then did Angeline know how much her long acquaintance with that deserving man, had endeared him to her soul.

Walter Warbert had long expressed a wish to enter into the army, and captain

Etherville

Etherville had obtained him a commission, and taken him with him to London.

Angeline sighed, often for the return of Julius:—and his ship being paid off the year after that in which it had been put into commission, with a heart glowing with the warmest and purest affection, he revisited the Lodge.

There he found Mrs. Blandon expiring in the arms of her son:—and Mr. Mansel and Angeline weeping over her pillow.

Mrs. Blandon had long been in a declining state of health: she survived but a few hours after captain Etherville's arrival:—her son, who appeared to possess

self all her sensibility, and not one of his father's dispositions, was with difficulty removed from the body of the parent, so deservedly dear to him, and her death, again diffused deep sorrow through and around the Lodge; for to know Mrs. Blandon, was to esteem and love her; so amiable was her mind and manners.

Angeline was not easily reconciled to the loss she had sustained in Mrs. Blandon's death; she never loved a friend better, never regretted one more.

Mr. Mansel and Frederick, remained a short time at the Lodge, when Mr. Mansel's affairs hastened their departure, and it was a melancholy parting between them and Angeline.

In

In the autumn of 1791, and not long after Mrs. Blandon's decease, Mr. and Mrs. Belmore, with the earl and countess of Glentyre, visited Castle Erol, purposely to behold again the inhabitants of the Lodge.

Mrs. Belmore, and her amiable daughter, lady Glentyre, wept over the grave of Constantia, and beheld, with secret satisfaction, the well-founded and increasing attachment between captain Etherville and Angeline.

Beholding him, long, as her best and truest friend; her attentive, generous protector; the Being, to whom, under Providence, she was indebted for the preservation of her life; Angeline listened, unreluctantly, to the calm and rational profession

profession of the attachment Julius had felt for her from very early youth.

She had forgotten the disadvantages of his person in the continual discovery of some new excellence in his mind: and his face, though repulsive to those who either did not know, or were incapable of valuing his intrinsic worth, was become in her eyes rather agreeable; so strong is the influence of sincere affection over minds endowed with great sensibility.

Manly, noble, generous, and strictly just:—with a mind expanded by philanthropy, and enlightened by science, captain Etherville, was not less beloved than venerated by all who knew him, and were capable of valuing superior merit.

The

The fortune of Angeline was small, but that of her lover was sufficient for all the true enjoyments of life:—and in the November of 1791, they were married at Castle Erol:—accompanied their friends there to London soon after;—and the happiness attending their union, convinced all by whom it was witnessed, that no felicity in this life, equals that in the conjugal state, where an affection, at once tender and rational, is the result of mental and well-founded esteem, which admits not of change or satiety; but increases with time, cheers the clouds of misfortune; and remains unaltered by the utmost malice of human vicissitudes.

FINIS.